# AN EPILOGUE TO THE COURT, ON THE Queen's Birth-Day.

14. Febr. 170 4/5

*By* Roger, *the* Obſervator's *Country-man.*

THE Ruſtick Muſe thus having chang'd the Scene,
From *Kent* to Court, to Kneel before the Queen,
Thus proſtrate falls, ſo many Queens to meet,
And lays her *Oaken Towel* at your Feet:
She boaſts no Wit, and therefore dare not riſe,
But by the Influence of your brighter Eyes;
The *Happy Muſes* Fate may be her own
To be ſcorch'd dry beneath the Torrid Zone,
As *Owls* are dazled by the glaring Sun.

A Home-ſpun Suit your faithful *Roger* wears,
But us'd ſo long, it Thread-bare now appears,
Tho't hangs on yet, as you may ſee his Ears.
Thanks to the Cauſe, for his induſtrious Care,
To merit Graces from the Good and Fair;

Such

All here know I've a Trusty Subject been,
I always lov'd our *Joan*, and serv'd my Queen.
Such Labours with Success I'm sure you'll crown,
To shame the keeping *Cullies* of the Town;
While thro' the Court your practic'd Virtues shine,
You make this Circle, as it looks, Divine:
Then may our Daughters safely take the *Field*,
Where Victims conquer, and where Conq'rors yield;
When you the foremost stand in Goodness, as in Pow'r,
And like a Guardian-Angel, watch your Hour:
Then Virtue will in Courts, Honour in Camps succeed,
And all the World from slavish Vice be freed:
Then ev'ry Year our hopeful Youths will come
Laden with Spoils, and *Gallick* Trophies home;
Each gen'rous Hero striving who shall pay
The greatest Offerings to this Happy Day.

With this great Theme the Country Bard inspir'd,
And with such wond'rous sparkling Beauty fir'd;
His eager Soul makes this high daring Flight,
'Till, like an *Eagle*, he soars out of Sight:
But humbly begs he may descend again,
For this *High-flying* turns his giddy Brain.
Courts are such Crowds, he never knew before,
Tho' now he ventur'd thro' the Guarded Door,
You're free to hang him, if he comes once more.
But humbly yet, e'er he presumes to go,
He begs for leave to send his Plenipo-----
The *Observator*, Mr. ~~Bolton~~ Tonson you know who.

As for the *Kit-Cat Jacob*, and the rest, Tonson
They're but a sort of *Quiblers* at the best;
For were their Merits measur'd by their Brains,
They'd have a *Cat of Nine Tails* for their Pains:
If he cou'd well tell how, he wou'd bestow it,
For it's hard no Body shou'd pay the Poet;
And give the *Dabler*, for his Rhiming Stuff,
No Crown of *Laurel*, but an *Oaken Ruff*;
For Merit when it's pass'd in Silence by,
Baulks the poor *Coxcomb* of his Vanity.

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